THE WOMAN GOD CHANGED Read This Story Here, Then Watch for It in Motion Pictures

A Serial of a Girl Who Sells Herself, Becomes a Criminal and Then, Under the Uplifting Environment of Real Love, Regains Her Soul.

Anna Jansen, a young and handsome weman, is on rial for the deliberate murder of Alastair de Vrias, a rich philipiderer who had thrown her over for a new fancy. The District Attorney brings out the facts of the shooting in a restaurant, while the prisoner excites the wonder of the Court by her beauty and a strange caim and screnity, which makes it seem impossible that she can be guilty. Her lawyer rises.

This appealing story has been made into a wenderful film drama by Cosmopolitan Productions, and will be released as an Arteraft picture.

Personally Directed By Robert Vignola. By Donn Bryne. THE great Irish-American was

the foremost criminal lawyer of his day, all but invincible when defending a man or woman ith the slightest chance of escape, and right on his side. As a crossexaminer he was dreaded as the plague. The public would get the magnificent performance when Done

Even now the rat-faced witness shook as with ague as Donegan turned casually toward him with heoded eyes. But Donegan shook his head. He did not wish to cross-

Even the judge was surprised. "Did I hear aright?" he leaned forward, his fine mystic's face in lines of doubt and worry. "The counsel for the prisoner does not wish to cross-examine?" "Your honor heard aright. I will

not cross-examine. Through the big chamber there was a buzz of comment, of doubt. of all but horror. Was there nothing to be done for this woman? Even if she did kill De Vries, give her a sporting chance for her life! "What is Donegan doing?" the public, the attendants, the newspaper reporters asked themselves with mistrust. Was he throwing her

THE COURT AMAZED. There was a tensing in court, a tightening, as of drama. Already there was a sense in everyone's chilled veins of the horrible harness of the electric chair. But Donegan only drowsed.

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax. USE YOUR WITS.

I started talking with a fellow who came in the office where I. work. He asked me to go to a private dance with him and I went. Sunday evening he came to see me. Now, Miss Fairfax, I know several people who know this fellow. Is it too late to have one of them introduce him to me? I do not care for anyone to ask me where I met him and I say "firting." SARAH. It would be silly to be introduced. If you have inquisitive friends, use your wits and give them an answer that has no satisfaction in it—for

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am fond of a young man who resides at a distance, and when he takes me out and brings me ok home it is after 2 a. m. Now. last week, with the permission of my parents and an invitation from them personally, this young man stayed over night. But my sisters and brother say it was most im-H. J. What you did was in no way

improper. Your sisters and brother may be teasing you. They must realise that when your parents invite a guest to pass the night at their home, the fact that the guest is your friend rather than the friend of your brother doesn't affect the propriety-or rather the good taste-of the situation.

PICKLE FANCY. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I have gone about with a man for four months. He has shown much affection for me, and he also stated that he cared for me. I have taken a great liking to him, but lately he is going out with

another girl.

Do you think I should call him er write to him and see what he has to say. You letter is typical of many that come to me. If you want to reopen the situation and your idea is a hope of winning the young man's fickle fancy back to you, write and ask to see him. If, wever, you really mean to conthe incident closed, what is there for you to discuss?

HOTOGRAPHY

traces to the

"You can step down," the court told the witness.

The rat-faced man crept from the

from the fear of Donegan's eye. He tried to get a seat in the benches, but none would make room for him. And though he had only done his duty, and that at command of the law, there was about him, as he slunk from the room, the look there was about him who was surnamed Iscariot, as he crept from the gar-den on the Mount of Olives, on the world's most trage dawn.

Like a story from some old book there unrolled before the public the history of Anna Janssen of ten, of twelve, of fifteen years before, in a New York we know no longer, so changed is it in that brief space. Then it was a riotous spendthrift, a glorious waster, hell-roaring, somehow lovable, and now it is a burgess of standing, with all the burgess virtues.

And the eyes of the courtroom glistened as old names appeared like Falstaffian ghosts. The Poodle Dog, the German Village, the Holland House, the Knickerbocker.
Gorgeous, blowzy, out of a dimpast they rose for an instant.
Baron Wilkins' and Nigger Mike's.

And there was the thin clink of glasses across forgotten bars. And at 3 o'clock of a morning the flying wedge at Pat's was hurling some truculent guest to the sidewalk. And gunmen were gunmen then, not strike-breakers.

Old days, great days, and only a dozen years before. And John Bar-rymore was not Richard III, but the comedian of "Are You a Mason?" And Mr. Chambers had written "The Danger Mark," and Lieu-tenant Becker still patroled the streets. And Mannie Chappelle and Diamond Jim were still alive and merry, who now are dust, God rest

And cops grafted and politics were corrupt, after the old and pleasant tradition. And out of the side door of saloons came the old-fashioned drunkard, who with the old-fashioned ghost story and the old-fashioned Christmas is laid to rest forevermore. And the voice of Dr. Parkhurst was heard through the land.

Ichabod! Gone is glory! The night life of Paris was hec-tic, hysterical. The night life of Berlin was heavy, somehow sinister. But lush, extravagant, now joyous, now macabre, the foam of New World liquor, the night life of New York challenged the heavens with streaming rays, retiring only before the chaste, armored dawn. Like some Thousand and One Nights of some writer of the people, it challenged the imagina-tion, it intrigued, it repelled. Overdone not seldom, often in bad taste. but virile, rude, and unabashed, it claimed recognition with brazen

A RELAXED MOUTH.

And on this stage, and against this background, now leading woman to De Vries, now being supported by a caste of wasters, brokers, men about town, there moved Anna Janssen, the Swedish Beauty. Cast in the form and figure of a Norse goddess, fit for great epics, she was a figurante in a debauched

sideshow. Her eyes, which were blue as the sea and should have been pure and passionate as the sea, were drenched with wine, and her mouth, with its clear-cut outlines as of a woman of the painter Zorn's which should have been firm as a budding flower, was relaxed and

A woman of Broadway, hungered after and yet despised, she might have gone the accustomed path that leads from the chattering magnificence of Broadway to the sinfater silence of Potter's Field. Down the old beaten decline to-ward sordid Death she could have gone, and one would have tried to stay her, none to help, And

And the only result would have been a little chilling in the hearts way, a host whispering in their hearts the most terrible epitaphs: The wages of sin is death. For a moment only. And some celebrity of Broadway might feel sad for an hour, with early sentiment: "Poor Anna! And I knew her when she wore diamonds, and New York

was at her feet!" Or some respectable citizen in his warm home might treasure secret, ashamed memories, and never avow them. And someone might even seek out her grave to say a hurried prayer and make an offering of flowers. And the rest

would be silence.

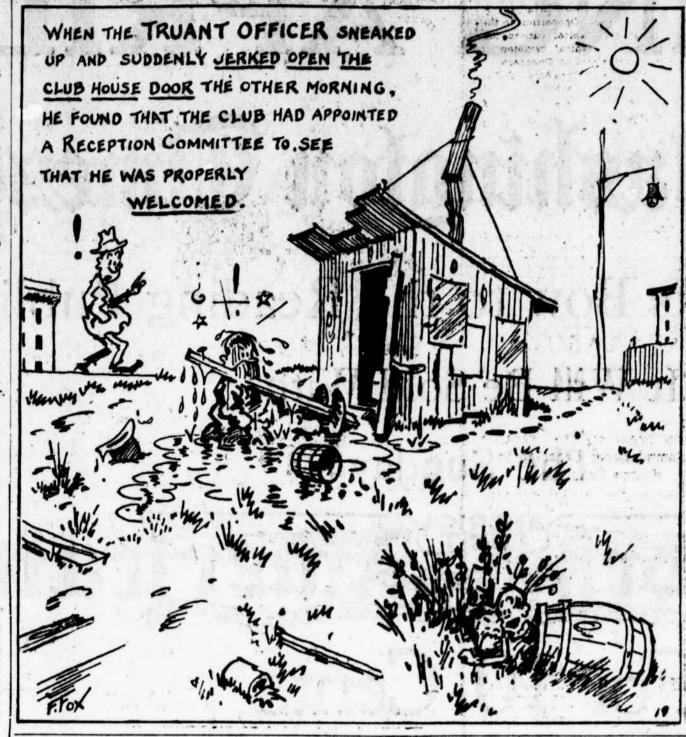
But that, in a mood of drunken pique, she shot and killed Alastair

Copyright, International Magazine Company (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Securingly unrelated

troubles often trace to

THE LITTLE SCORPIONS CLUB.



Is Marriage A Success?

plenty of old-fashioned girls today who are unmarried. Why is this? Not because they are old-fashiqued, but because they cannot afford to dress stylishly

I also take note that there are a number of young men stating they cannot find the old-fashioned, home-

cannot find the old-fashioned, home-loving girls. This is not so. If they want them they can find them with-out much trouble.

When they meet this type do they ask them out? I should say not. They prefer the giddy, vampy doll sort. It is not the fault of the girls entirely. It is nine times out of ten, men of today (note I say some) that have driven the girls to use paint, powder, etc. It is this type that capture all the men friends, whereas a plainly dressed, decent, homeloving girl hasn't a chance.

I am a plainly dressed, home-lov-ing girl, but although only nineteen I have not as yet met the right sort of a chap. I have many male friends, but they are also after the fast girls; in other words, they pre-fer the painted dolls. Men of the true type are so dif-ficult to find.

Plenty of nice girls are looking for the bluebisd in vain. I shall wait patiently for Mr. Right Those good foxtrotters and niftily dressed boys have no pall with me. Give me the hard-working, plain and de-cent young man. Ah! But they are hard to find.

Let's hear from those who do not prefer the stylish, well-dressed girls to the simple, old-fashioned type. Are there many? No, there are few. STENOGRAPHER.

WHAT SHALL HE DO!

I am forty-one years of age, with three children to take care of. My wife died two years ago. There is a child who has taken much interest in my children and myself. I asked her if she would marry me and she said that she would, but her mother would not give her con-

I would like to know what I should do so that I can win this girl whom I love so dearly.
R. J. D.

The Hundred Dollar Question

Edith Livingston, a demobilized war worker, lives with Grace and Bob Elistwork, a young married couple. She acts as secretary to Eustibo Alvarez, a Mexican oil stock promoter.

He pays her much attention, and gives her a \$500 gold note after she discovers him and a Japanese studying a map. She is jealous of a Spanish girl whom she discovers dining with her sweetheart, Willard Saunders. Her emplyer waonts to meet her sweetheart.

Willard denies he is in love with the Spanish girl. 'He tells Edith her employer will bear watching, and asks her to spy on him. Edith finds in her employer's deek a picture of the Spanish girl. She is surprised when Willard seeks an introduction to Alvarez. Edith gets a copy of a telegram her employer neat to some one in Mexico.

Alvarez tries to inveigle Edith into taking a drink with him at a roadhouse. Willard tells her that Alvarez is an international crook.

"Texas Tiger" breezes in with a gun in

Willard tells her that Alvarez is an international crook.

"Texas Tiger" breezes in with a gun in search of Alvarez, who has swindled him out of \$20,000, using his sweetheart, the Spanish girl, Juanita, as a tool.

"Texas Tiger" joins Willard and Edith in a trip to Mt. Vernon. On return trip "Texas Tiger" recognizes Alvarez and Juanita on wharf and is prevented from shooting them by Willard. "Texas Tiger" is still madly in love with Juanita. Edith discovers that Willard and Alvarez are "old friends." Edith and Willard accept an invitation from Alvarez to visit Great Falls. Alvarez has cut the ropes of the suspension bridge over which he expected Edith to walk. A short time thereafter the Spanish girl dashes into Alvarez's office and announces 'I am Juanita."

"But Willard?" I asked, more interested in the whereabouts of Willard dead or alive than in George Washington's remains."

"I do not know," she said, and her head dropped forward. "He went to Mt. Vernon last night to-" she again pointed toward the head lines in the paper, "to stop that." he went there-alone?"

"Do you mean," I screamed, "that he went there alone?"
"I'm afraid so," she answered. "He romised to take me with him. But he did not come for me.'

For just a minute I thought I was going to faint. I steadied myagainst the table for a second and then went over and stood by the window to get air. From the window I glanced down.

And as I looked I could almost have believed that all Washington had Men were running back and forth down Fourtenth street, talking to themselves, screaming aloud and waving their arms frantically. On the corner of Fourtenth and F streets I could see a crowd gathered listening to a man who stood on a chair speaking to them, and waving a copy of The Washington

Times, with the big headlines dis-Newsboys were running around like wild things, reaping a harvest from persons who were anxious to buy and too excited to wait for

BEAUTY CULTURE HINTS

There is real common sense in just noticing whether the hair is well kept to judge of a woman's neatness, or good taste. If you are one of the few who try to make the most of your hair, remember that it is not advisable to wash the hair with any cleanser made for all purposes, but always use some good shampoo. You can enjoy the very best by getting some canthrox from your druggist, dissolve a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water. This makes a full cup of shampoo liquid enough so it is easy to apply it to all the hair instead of just the top of the head. Dandruff, excess oil, and dirt are dissolved and entirely disappear. Your hair will be so fuffy that it will look much heavier than it is Its luster and softness will also delight you, while the stimulated scale gains the health which insures hair growth.

me something Willard had said to

"We're going to give the papers the biggest story they've had since the signing of the armistice!"
And then I found myself wondering if the story wasn't even bigger than Willard had thought it would be.

I turend from the window as I thought perhaps it was Juanita going out. But she still sat there by the desk, her eyes glued to the headlines of the paper. She glanced up as the man who

had entered spoke.
"I beg your pardon," he said, taking off his hat and looking first at Juanita and then at me. "I die know there was anybody here." "Were you looking for someone?" I asked, trying to conceal the excitement in my voice. But I might

have saved myself the trouble. For his voice was husky with excitement when he answered: "Not particularly," he said. "I guess you've heard—" He stopped as his eyes lighted on the paper spread out on the desk. "I see you

know," he said. "And added: "That makes it easier." "Makes what easier?" I asked, feigning innocence.

What T've got to," he said, I'm sorry, Miss, but I've got to go through the office. We started last night. Thought we had everything we would need. But this," he pointed to the headlines, "makes it sort of necessary that we confiscate everything in the office."

"So it was you," I said, "who robbed the office last night?"
"If you call it that," he smiled. 'As a representative of the United States Secret Service I did call here last night and got a few papers "Then what else do you want?" I

asked. "Really, there seems noth-ing else to get." "Perhaps not," he answered, scrutinizing me closely, as though try-ing to discover if I were hiding something from him. 'But I've been told to look and see. JUANITA KNOWS.

"Is it in connection with the oil business?" I asked. "It was," he answered. "That is, that's all we had in mind when we

tablespoon crisco.

1 teaspoon vanilla.

street northwest.

cup milk, "

1 teaspoon vanilla.

cups sugar.

21/2 cups of Washington flour.

2 teaspoons Rumford yeast pow-

Cream crisco, add sugar, then

eggs; add milk and mix well, then

add vanilla, salt and flour and yeast

powder. Beat well, put in greased

pans and bake in a moderate oven.

ICING.

Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth; add % pound of XXXX sugar, add a few drops of candy

coloring.—Gertrude Miller, 65 K

BANANA CAKE.

Cream & pound butter, add 116

2 teaspoons of baking powder and

flour to make soft dough,-Mrs. Nellie Murphy, 1418 Minnesota ave-

eggs. cup milk. sointed toward the paper-"it seems that it may be in connection with other things." You don't mean-" I asked,

pretending that I was terribly shocked that he should associate Mr. Alvarez in any way with the story about George Washington's body being stolen. "I mean just that," he replied. "If

the man that's been conducting this crooked oil business isn't also the man that's at the head of that scheme, I'm a Dutchman. "He" Here it was that Juanita lent an unsolicited voice to the con-

versation. "I know who it was stole Mr. George Washington's "You know!" The man stared at her, seeming for the first time to be

really aware of her presence. "The deuce you do!"
"It--" I tried to catch Juanita's eye to wink at her not to tell,

but my efforts were unavailing. "It was Alvarez," she continued. "He run the-what you call the crooked oil business. He-also he get the body!"
"Who is she?" he asked me, and before I could answer that ques-

tion, "What does she mean?" "She-" I shook my head negatively to indicate to him that he was not to believe anything Juanita sald-that she was not quite "right." I had no desire to get mixed up in this thing any more than I was already. "Really, you mustn't believe-"

"Mustn't believe!" Juanita jumped to her feet, and stood erect with head thrown back, her arms hanging rigid at her side, fists "You don't believe Juanita! Juanita never lie! Alvarez take the body, I tell you! He tell me everything. He think he get much money, and he be president of Mexico!

JUST LIKE A CRIMINAL. "Holy mackerel!" The Secret Service man stared alternately at Juanita and then at me. Then he turned to Juanita: "Say, you come along with me," he said. "I know somebody who'll be mighty glad to hear what you're got to tell." Unhesitatingly Juanita stepped forward to follow ntm. I stooped and picked up the tam she had dropped on the floor-handed it to her, and then stepped back. Recipes

One-third cup shortening.

One-fourth teaspoon salt,

One three-fourths cups flour.

One teaspoon vanilla extract.

Cream shortening; add sugar gradually, beaten well; add beaten

egg; one-half the milk and mix well; add one-half the flour, which

has been sifted with salt and

baking powder; add remainder of

milk, then remainder of flour and

flavoring; beat after each addition.

Bake in greased layer cake tins in moderate oven fifteen to thirty

FILLING AND ICING.

One teaspoon vanilla extract.

Add vanilla and melted chocolate

FRANCES TUCKER,

3016 Georgia avenue northwest.

Three cups confectioner's sugar

Two ounces unsweetened choco-

Four teaspoons Royal Baking

One cup sugar.

One cup milk,

in boiling water.

Powder.

\$100

\$100

This serial story has no name The Washington Times will pay \$100 in gold to the person who submits the best title.

Read the story every day in The Washington Times and, when the last installment has been printed, send in your sug-gestions for titles. The title must consist of three words or less.

Winnie Davis Freeman Copyright by The Washington Times.

"I'm sorry, Miss- er, Miss-" the man said. "But if you'll come along too you'll just save our coming back for you!"
"Coming back for me!" I exclaimed on the verge of tears. "Really, I don't know what she's talking about. I never spoke to

her until this morning." "That doesn't matter," he answered. "But you're the young lady who's been working here, aren't you?"
"Yes," I answered. "But I—"
"Then you'd better come along."

he said, and seeing that I was about to cry, he added: "But there's nothing to worry about. We just want to find out all you know about this man, Alvarez."
And so I went. But first I phoned

to Grace. She-bless her heart, living out in the suburbs as she didhadn't heard the exciting news, and I didn't have the heart to tell her. I just told her that I probably would be later getting home, and not to worry. "And if Willard phones," I told her, still hoping against hope that

he would, "please tell him to call me sometime this evening." To Be Continued Tomorrow.

Speeds---Swift and Slow

The swiftest speed we know is that of light—186,000 miles a second; the slowest is that of the human thumbnail, which grows 2-1.000,000,000ths of a yard a second. This from Science and Invention, which makes some more speed comparisons, as follows:

A cannon ball has been fired at a speed of 2,000 miles an hour.
A bamboo tree grows 27-10,000, 000ths of a yard a second. The earth speeds around the sun at 65.533 miles an hour.

A snail moves 15-10,000ths of a yard a second. De Romanet flew an airplane on November 4, 1920, 193 miles an hour. An electric train in tests between Berlin and Zossen made 130 miles an hour.

Railroad engines have made 120 miles an hour.
Ice boats glide two miles a minute, or 120 miles an hour.

To sugar add boiling water very The motor boat Miss America has slowly to make a smooth paste. made 78.655 miles an hour Destroyers make 48 miles an hour. Spread between layers and on top A man has skated 271-3 miles an

hour, run 131/2 miles an hour, walked 914 miles an hour.

When a Girl Marries A Story of EARLY WEDDED LIFE

By ANN LISLE.

world I desired less to see than the woman who hailed me with her insolent questions as I started to leave the Walgrave.

But as I turned to parry her in-nuendoes I realized half-humorously that this was just the coincidence might have feared. Mrs. Varden, my impudent interlocutor, lived at the hotel even in the dear, long-ago days when Jim and I stayed there I had plenty of experience then to warn me that she is the elderly feminine edition of that unpleasant masculine type known as the "lounge lizard." Her over-dressed, hand-painted, vividly marcelled fisure, with its "blued" white hair, was always prowling about the lobby in the olden days. Evidently she was still at her old habit of hanging round the office. But I was aston

ished at the early start she'd made. "Good morning, Mrs. Varden," murmured, longing for enough of Virginia's icy hauteur to put the woman in her place, even while I felt subconsciously that she'd be a particularly undesirable enemy just now. "How early you get down to your beloved lobby. It gives you a long day, doesn't it?"

Instead of being affronted and flouncing away, the woman per-

"I'm glad I got down early enough for a word with you, my dear. Suppose we have a little chat while you're waiting for that handsome young husband of yours. Subletting your apartment and com-

ing here?"
"Oh, no," I fluttered, elaborately
omitting my pronouns, "net at all.
Just here for the night. Staying out on an important matter now.

AN OFFER REFUSED. "Oh, I can't let you go like this," she scolded. "You'd slip away from me in this big city if I didn't pin you right down to an engagement this minute. I must hear all about you. Is that dare-devil of a Tom Mason still hanging around? What have you done with the handsome English officer who used to take you to dinner when your husband was away? If by any chance he's

away now and you're-lonely, I know some adorable men I'd love to have you meet. How about dinner tonight?" "Thanks so much, Mrs. Varden," I said firmly. "But I'm staying in town tonight. As I said, I'm with my husband's sister. And I merely stopped the night here in order to reach my husband's office bright

and early this morning. Now, if you haven't any more questions I'll be running along." At this she bridled. She'd held her annoyance within bounds as long as there was a chance that her self-control would secure for her some gratifying information. me with the venom which always characterized her conversation.

"Oh, yes, of course, run along! I always thought Jim Harrison was the type of man to need a woman's help in managing his affairs. Naturally if he prances off about his own concerns and leaves you in charge of his office I suppose there'll be a great influx of er—

clients." "I'm not-" I began and pulled myself up short. Was I going to protest that I wasn't in charge of Jim's affairs, but was on my way to consult Mabel Storrs, who was in charge? Or was I going to protest that Jim was in town and risk the possibility that Mrs. Varden would learn the truth and try to ferret out the

reason for my lie? I completed my

sentence by another, "I'm not likely

to attach many clients if I keep such shocking hours."
Mrs. Varden laid her hand on my

malice. "Run along, dear," she gushed. "I do hope you manage your hus-band's affairs as—discreetly as you do your own."

With a goodby, flavored with a shudder of distaste, I hurried away.

NO APPETITE. By the time I got to the street I noticed a clock pointing to quarter past 9. My appetite for breakfast was gone. Moreover, I hadn't any time to waste on the mere precess of eating, for, unless I made the greatest haste, I wouldn't get to Jim's office much ahead of the bustle and flurry of the market's

bustle and flurry of the market's 10 o'clock opening.
I hailed a taxicab and requested the driver to make all possible speed. So he turned into a short cut of queer, unfamiliar twisting streets. We spun along madly for five minutes and then were held back by traffic surging across one way. As I sat looking about idly I noticed a familiar looking car

crossing the side street in front of After a second I chuckled to myself for calling the car "familiar looking." No wonder! I'd been driving about in it all the day be-fore. It was Tony's limousine with the queer-looking man hunched up on the seat next to Lyons with bis plaid cap pulled down over queer outspreading of the ears?

It wasn't until we drew up at the door of the building where Jim's office is located that I realized why the man with Lyons had attracted my attention.

I had seen him yesterday, loung-ing back against the wall of Dad Lee's hotel. Then Lyons had made obvious efforts to avoid the skulk-ing figure. Why was he driving him today along a narrow side street in a drab backwater of the

I wondered if I ought to speak to Lyons about this or if I'd make him miserable and ill at ease by sug-gesting that I thought he ought to be kept under surveillance

(To be continued Thursday.)

The Woman Observer

M OST women can, in moments of controversy, visualize their husbands as little boys. and when a woman can do that she

can ease domestic life. But not many men can see the "little girl" which still lingers in their wives. When sne reaches maworthy of those years. They believe that she has put away childish things, that she has forgotten childish instincts.

Man likes to pose as the pro-tector, the buffer between his family and the world. This attitude suits him. The average man stands between Friend Wife and the world because it is to his advantage to do so, but at heart he is a spoiled child wearing man's clothing and assuming man's prerogatives.

In reality, it is the woman who stands between him and discomfort. She knows his weaknesses, his failings, his vanities, but if she is a wise woman she keeps it to herself.

The scum which is left by hard water may be removed from sinks. basins and tubs by kerosene or gasoline.

Honey-Gured Bacon, Packed in Earthen Jars, Delighted Roman Epicures

M EAT of young pigs was a prized banquet feature with the early Greeks and Romans. A great Roman is said to have cured bacon cut from tender young pigs by thickly covering it with honey, salt and vinegar and packing it in earthen jars. Sugar-cured

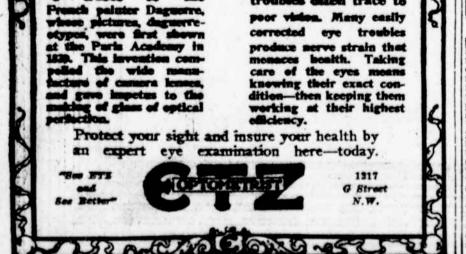
SWINDELL'S QUALITY BACON

has the definitely sweet flavor that for 2,000 years has been the test of bacon perfection

The most popular at a | Markets,

(hain ores

and Groceries



DE CONTRACTOR OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY

Daguerre's Aid to Optics

An ADITORIAL